

PALMER AND BUCKNER HERE

TO ATTEND THIS EVENING'S MADISON
SQUARE GARDEN MEETING.

BOTH THE CANDIDATES OF THE PATRIOTIC DEMOCRATS IN GOOD HEALTH AND SPIRITS—WHAT

GENERAL BUCKNER MEETS A
FRIEND OF EARLTIME

General John M. Palmer, of Illinois, and General Simon B. Buckner, of Kentucky, candidates of the National Democratic party for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, respectively, arrived in this city yesterday afternoon to attend to-

General Buckner, who was accompanied by District-Attorney Fellows, Morris S. Belknap, Henry Watkins and Graham Vreeland, reached the Fifth Avenue Hotel at about 2:30. The party came direct from Louisville, travelling from

eral Buckner's stay in New-York will be brief, inasmuch as he will leave the city to-night, directly after the meeting in the Garden, for Richmond, Va., where he is announced to address a big meeting to-morrow night.

Avenue Hotel, scarcely more than half an hour after the arrival of his colleague on the ticket. With General Palmer were Mrs. Palmer and their son, Louis J. Palmer. John De Witt Warner met General Palmer on his arrival and escorted him to the hotel.

Both candidates retired immediately to their apartments, and sought seclusion for the rest of the afternoon, pleading the fatigue of a long railway journey as a reason for refusing to see callers for a few hours.

Despite the age of the two candidates, their powers of recuperating quickly are apparently undiminished. When they were seen by a Tribune reporter in their apartments in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, later in the day, both were robust and as full of energy as if a thirty-

hour railway journey was a mere everyday occurrence. No one seeing the the Grand Old Man of the West, as General Palmer is so often styled would credit it that he had just entered his eightieth year. He looks not a day over sixty and being possessed of a sound and

robust frame, and a healthful appearance generally, it would seem that there is good ground for the predictions of those who know him and his powers of endurance that he will live to round out a century. He stands within one inch of six feet and weighs considerably over

two hundred pounds. His white hair is sparse except for one small spot on the crown of the head; his blue eyes are bright and keen; his skin is unusually smooth for a man of his age, and his flesh firm; and his every motion betokens a man of mental and physical power.

Yesterday Senator Palmer was neatly attired

turned-down collar and a black tie. A pair of steel-rimmed spectacles straddled his nose, and a pair of substantial, thick-soled shoes covered his feet. A hearty handshake and a kindly word of greeting, uttered in a full-toned voice, were

to his visitors yesterday.

THE GALLANT BUCKNER.

Like his fellow-candidate, General Buckner is a man who does not look his age by many years. Though now seventy-three years old, he looks as

sturdy as most men of sixty. He still looks the soldier and carries himself erect and easily. About six feet in height, with penetrating blue eyes, bushy white hair, a snowy white mustache and Imperial, a pleasant, cheerful manner, General Beckner presents the true type of a Southern

gentleman. Although his voice is not so strong as General Palmer's, it betrays little of the weakness of age. As he sat talking yesterday to a Tribune reporter General Buckner vigorously puffed his famous corncob pipe, with its long bamboo stem. He has a buoyant disposition that

is readily infectious, and now easily he creates a friendly feeling between himself and his callers is well illustrated in an incident which happened yesterday. General Buckner had not been at the hotel more than an hour when a card was brought to him by an attendant. The name was unfamiliar.

WHO THE CALLER WAS.

"Well," returned the other, "I heard you had arrived in New-York and I thought I would run in and see you, and renew an old acquaintance. I was the guard over you when you were put in Massachusetts in Fort Warren, Boston, in

"Oh, yes; I remember you now," exclaimed General Buckner, grasping his visitor's hand, "you used to talk to me to relieve the monotony of my imprisonment a little and I read poetry to you. Yes, I recollect you well, and say," added

General Buchner with a laugh, "let me tell you now that I used to think you were a good soldier or you would certainly have deserted before going through the ordeal of listening to my poetry."

With the ice thus broken, the two talked over old times for half an hour.

General Palmer said he was unable for the moment to say much regarding his plans. "You see," he went on, "a great deal depends upon the conference of the leading members of the National Committee, that will take place to-mor-

coming here is to discuss the situation and learn the conditions to be met in the campaign. What my friends will advise is something more than I can predict."

NOT MAKING BIG CLAIMS.

Palmer said that to some extent they were uncertain, "for the reason," he said, "that we have no specific and positive organization in that State to enable us to determine just what the conditions and probabilities are. Just how the State

habit there of not betting until the race is on. The same description applies to Kentucky so far as my own observations go."

"What will be most discussed at to-morrow's conference?" the General was next asked.

"Well, I take it that the principal thing will be

myself will follow. As yet I do not even know how long I shall remain in New-York, I am anxious to get away at once to Alabama, to help them there to strike a blow at the fallacies of free-silver. Will I stay for the Brooklyn convention? Well, I cannot tell you. I am in the hands of the gentlemen. I shall meet to-

General Buckner, when he was seen a few moments later, spoke confidently as to the situation

that that State would declare for McKinley, he was positive that it would reject Bryan. The feeling of the people of Kentucky, he said, was for good government and sound money.